

self-portrait

erin st breen

every morning i wake up
surprised to have survived
decades when i thought i
wouldn't get two, three
approaches me soon. i live
smallly with paired down dreams
and diminished ambition. i
heard it seemed my glasses were pink
so i set lasers to my eyes -
am i seeing it all clearly yet?
i took a year off to rest.
and i still want to fight though
i'm weak i remember how to throw
a punch, fold my thumb over the fingers,
pressure towards the ring and middle,
following through with the shoulder (pull back)
i keep forgetting about pretending
and perspective but never time
because the red breasted robins
keep count with their chirps.
it's spring now but the sky is empty
of flocks; the streets are full
of abandoned doves. i am certain
salvation does not come
from above.